

**You receive: an evil demon; I receive: human souls**

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# You receive: an evil demon; I receive: human souls

by [AceofNowhere](#)

## Summary

*The next morning while she tried to tell herself it was a dream, that of course there wasn't a fucking demon in her house, she found a note taped to her fridge.*

*"You might eat this shit," it had written, "but I would like some fucking souls please."*

Darkling Week Prompt 7: free choice. Alina has a demon in her house.

This is absolute crack, and I have no idea what the fuck is wrong with me.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Six months after the first night she moved in there, after she and Genya and Zoya had drunk too much wine and went down into her basement to summon a demon jokingly, said demon was still hanging out asking for a soul.

Alina had been so excited to have her own house, her very own house, that she'd invited her friends over for a bacchanal, a night of "unrivaled passion, pleasure, and pain," which of course meant pink wine and playing Uno.

Alina had giggled as she lay down in the middle of the pentagon, glass of wine in one hand and "draw 4" in the other, then laughed riotously as Genya then proceeded to mispronounce every Latin word she read and Zoya mouthed sucking demon dick behind her.

She hadn't expected the choke that came just moments after the summoning, for her eyes to light up and her stomach curdle. Her hands had been glued to the floor and when she gasped, she didn't recognize the sound as her own.

She'd sounded like a pack of Hell Hounds and when the noise finally stopped, her eyes ceased fucking glowing and the floor released her from its grip, the awkward silence that fell on the girls felt as tangible as the thing that had been inside her moments before.

The girls then howled unexpected laughter into the night, and had drunkenly stumbled back upstairs.

Unfortunately, once the girls had left and Alina had remained, the nights never left her alone.

Creaking and groaning were her first indications something was amiss, but these could be easily ignored and she called a house inspector to fix the issues.

The guy had come and scratched his head. "I can't find anything wrong," he said. "Must be the house just settling."

Her next hint she wasn't alone was when she woke up in the middle of the night to find the fucking demon standing over her.

"I was promised a soul," he told her simply, and her scream had lit up the goddamn neighborhood.

The next morning while she tried to tell herself it was a dream, that of course there wasn't a fucking demon in her house, she found a note taped to her fridge.

"You might eat this shit," it had written, "but I would like some fucking souls please."

Alina was about to scream, but when she realized it wasn't going to earn her points with the neighborhood watch, decided against it and settled for a terrified moan.

The next few nights were a mess of rattling cupboards, groaning floorboards, and ringing chains (where had it even found those? Alina wondered). Alina was still terrified; it was no way to wake up in the middle of the night with a demon from hell grabbing your ankles and

telling you if you didn't give them some souls to munch on he'd bring the Hounds to tear you limb from limb.

But after several weeks when it kept insisting it would send in the hounds and none actually came, well, things began to work in her favor a little.

"Let me guess," she stated at two in the morning to the entity that was haunting her home. "You'll call the dogs on me."

"You won't like them," he said, raising the knives in the air and pointing them at her heart. "They're very loud."

"Hmm," she said, grabbing a beer from the fridge and opening it against the countertop. "Sounds pretty bad."

"It is," he insisted.

Admittedly, Alina admitted to herself when he finally did call them on her one night, they weren't wonderful to behold at all.

Rancid blood dripped from their jaws, which were easily as wide as the length of her arm. Some had two heads, one had an impressive four. The three hounds he'd called upon her (three, you know, because demons couldn't help themselves and were always making fun of the Trinity) smelled like shit and maggots and she found it quite hard to yell at her demon over their barking.

"What are their names?" she yelled over the commotion. One was gearing to tear her arm off, but she was managing to hold them off with a laser pointer.

"They're Hell Hounds," he argued with her. "They don't have names."

That night, they did in fact rip her to shreds, but when she awoke the next morning, healthy and hale as the evening before, she hummed and thought to herself, "Well, that wasn't so bad."

And thus the next few months went.

He asked for a soul. She quipped sarcastic remarks. She got eaten by his Hell Hounds.

That is, until, she learned Hell Hounds really liked lamb chops.

It wasn't cheap then, for the next month or so when he brought them forth and she had to give them each a head of lamb, but it was a small price to pay for not having her limbs torn off every night.

Once she'd given them names, Lamby, Porky, and Choppy (so she was never really clever in the naming department), he'd stopped bringing them, and she couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. Demons really were party poopers, she'd learned.

And now that it was six months in (their anniversary, she'd supposed) and she still hadn't given him a soul, she started to wonder just what he was hanging around for.

"You've never mentioned your name, have you?" she asked that night.

"You mean you don't recall?" he asked.

She shrugged. "Am I supposed to know?"

"Yes," he said. "That's the whole reason I'm here."

"I thought you were here to eat souls," she pointed out.

The demon rolled his eyes. "That," he said, "is why I remain."

"Not for my quick wit?"

"Quick--" the demon looked exasperated as one could look. "It's been six months of torture and you still haven't wizzened up and given me one. Single. Soul to eat." He threw a knife at her head and she dodged it. "No I'm not here for your wit."

"Hey," she thought suddenly, "why don't you just eat mine?"

The demon laughed, then stopped when he saw the earnest look on her face. "Your soul? Alina..." It was his turn to blink at her. "You mean you don't know?"

"Know what?" she asked.

He grinned with that cat's-got-the-cream smile. "You don't have one."

That kept her awake for a few nights.

On the third night she couldn't understand why she didn't have a soul, (and he kept refusing to tell her why) she finally asked him: "If I give you a soul, will you tell me why I don't have one?"

He shrugged. "If I say 'yes' will you actually give me a soul?"

She shrugged. "Depends if you say 'yes.'"

He narrowed his eyes at her. "Then yes."

"Cool."

The next night she brought him a lizard.

"That," he said, "is not a soul."

"Animals don't have souls?" she asked. It was a revelation, truly.

She brought a cat the next night, just to make sure.

When he brought back the Hell Hounds just to prove his point (and unfortunately she had been out of lamb chops that night, them being unexpected guests and all), she'd had her limbs ripped off.

It was getting harder and harder to outsmart this demon.

It was also getting harder and harder to prevent friends from coming to her place for an easy place to party.

"Sorry guys," she'd complain, pointing to her stomach. "It's gonna be a bloodbath tonight." (And hey, she reasoned, she was never technically lying.)

That night as she lay in bed and he hovered over her, scratching her arm to ribbons (another torture game he liked to play), she tried wriggling the answer out of him.

"So am I an animal then? Since animals don't have souls and neither do I."

"No," he said, running his fingers through the blood tracks on her arm. "You are not an animal."

"Am I dead?" she asked, before dismissing her thought on her own.

He answered that one anyway, "If you were dead you'd only be a soul. And you wouldn't be receiving a paycheck."

And that gave her an idea.

She began touring haunted houses, trying to see if any ghosts would follow her home. She'd been having some shit luck when she finally, triumphantly, brought home an amulet from a pawn shop the owner had assured her had come in definitely haunted.

"One soul," she said, serving him the amulet on a platter. "For thee."

"Why are you giving me knock-off jewelry," her demon asked.

Alina pouted and threw the serving tray and amulet across the room. Now even she was getting annoyed.

"You know," the demon said, speaking slowly as though she were a small child. "You could just bring me a human person. That would be a nice and easy way of giving me a soul."

Alina slumped on the couch and folded her arms around her chest. "I don't want to give you a human. What if they don't have a soul, like I don't?"

The demon smiled. "That's beyond unlikely. All humans have souls."

Alina jumped up from the couch and shoved her finger in his face. "Aha! One step closer, then. So I'm not human." Alina stood victorious for a moment, before standing before him, befuddled. "Then what the fuck am I?"

“Bring me a soul,” the demon said callously, “and I’ll tell you all about it.”

The next few days Alina felt a little put out. She’d worked so hard over the past six months keeping the demon from a human soul to eat, that it felt wrong to suddenly just give in. But the pressure and curiosity she felt was like a cat on the edge of a cliff eyeing a bird on the other side; it was going to get the better of her eventually.

Maybe he was lying, she thought to herself, maybe she did have a soul and it just wasn’t appetizing to him, like beef to a vegetarian.

She went to a psychic, just to be sure.

“No,” said the psychic. “Your demon is right. You definitely don’t have a soul.”

“Do you know why?”

The psychic looked at her like she was crazy. “I’m not getting involved in this, darling. Talk to your demon. He’ll tell you eventually.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” the psychic said, putting away his cards, “just give him a soul.”

Alina didn’t tip him very much.

And it wasn’t until the next Tuesday, when all hell broke loose, that Alina did finally learn why she didn’t have a soul.

She’d gotten away with keeping everyone from her house for an entire eight months, but that didn’t stop Mal the mailman from knocking on her door and letting himself inside one afternoon.

Why the mailman had decided to enter her home to drop off a package was uncertain (either he was trying to kill her, rape her, or rob her, it was anyone’s guess), but that Tuesday he came in and her demon had a field day.

It was a bit much, she thought to herself when she’d walked in on the very process of her demon eating the mailman’s soul (rather messily, she wanted to point out).

Eating one’s soul apparently required a hand very deeply impressed into one’s chest, and Alina couldn’t quite hold back the projection of her 40-foot form slamming into her demon away from the humans she was made to protect.

It was in the middle of this epic astral fight, where the two entities fought over the small soul of a criminal mailman, that Alina did finally learn the name of her demon, as his name was written on his bones.

*Aleksander*, she called, her invisible voice singing through the ether, *knock it the fuck off*.

“You’ve never been any fun,” he called back in his human-like demon form. He wrestled with her many arms but she was easily able to swat him back against her kitchen counter.

*I am plenty fun*, she argued back, but this is just rude. She forced him back and pressed his pitiful corporal form into the concrete that made up the foundation of her house. She leveled all of her eyes at him. *You came into my house, and I say whether you eat a soul here or not.*

Eventually Aleksander brought out his truly demonic form--not entirely unlike a Hell Hound, she noted, but with far more teeth and opposable thumbs--when the house was finally leveled and they called something of a truce.

“Thanks for the soul,” he said, licking his fingers. “And oh, have I told you? You’re an angel by the way.”

Alina rolled her many eyes and sat on the curb, invisible to her human pets. The fire truck was coming just around the corner, but as she sat and mourned the loss of her home, she couldn’t be entirely dissatisfied at having finally learned the truth about herself.

*I was able to figure that one out*, she projected to him. *But thanks for confirming it.*

“Of course,” he said, making no move to leave her.

The two sat on the curb together, neither quite able to admit they didn’t know where to go from here. Their hands touched, and then curled around each other while the humans surrounded the house, blowing water at the burning home behind them in an arc that flew over them.

They stayed that way for years and years, until the world ended and there was nothing keeping them apart any longer.



## End Notes

so i basically killed mal in every story this week.

you're welcome.

also: bonus oneshot coming tomorrow, and part 2 of alliance on thursday. send me prompts/inspo on tumblr if you're feeling spicy. (aceofnowhere.tumblr.com)

also also: i love you.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!